

Why Worldly Confusion Can Lead to Incredible Spiritual Blessings

Have you ever struggled with the details of your life, such as when, where or who you are in the grand scheme of things? Such wondering (and wandering) can leave us disoriented and discombobulated.

Disoriented means “having lost one’s sense of time, place or identity.”

It also means:

- Confused.
- Frustrated.
- Rudderless.
- Lost.

Have you felt any of these? Do you feel this way right now? Why? That is the question we seek to answer.

2020 was a disorienting year, and 2021 has not proven to be much better ... yet.

Do you feel out of place or not sure where you are? It can be hard not to feel a little out of sorts after 2020. However, we can stop feeling sorry for ourselves. Disorientation is part of the human condition and history. This is merely our time at bat.

Disorientation is a huge trope in fictional literature and movies. Most readers have heard of the Jason Bourne books and movies. This is the perfect example. The protagonist winds up in the middle of the Indian Ocean, only to be retrieved by a

fishing boat. He has zero idea where he is, when he is and, most frightening, who he is.

The confusion can be temporary, like losing electricity. It can also last longer as you become disillusioned with your faith, church, job, people or life in general.

Do you have or have you ever had personal struggles with your time, place or identity? I sure have. Being a parent is like that.

I felt a little disoriented the day we brought Alec, our firstborn, home from the hospital. A parent will always have the details of that day down. Right? This may shock people, but I was a wee bit nervous about the entire parenting enterprise. The whole process scared me. Holding the baby. Fixing the car seat. Putting him in the car seat. Paying for him. Everything!

Here is how that special day went down. Two nurses brought my wife Lea down in a wheelchair holding nurses handed me Alec, helped Lea up and muttered “good luck” in my general direction, and—poof—they disappeared through the automatic sliding door. I struggled loading Alec into the seat and got in the car to drive away. Lea bawled, like a whimpering cry. I tried to be sensitive.

I asked, “Is everything okay?”

Through whimpering tears, she said, “We only have him for 18 years.”

The words hit me between the eyes. I was freaking out because my world was changing. However, it was time to put my selfish ways to the side and embrace the blessing of being a dad. It was time to stop fretting over the burden.

Those 18 years are over. Alec headed off to college last year. Sure, thousands of 18-year-olds head to the dorms annually.

Yet this rite of passage challenged not only his identity and sense of self but also our entire family identity. Who am I as a father? My wife had a new role. Even his brother, the future world ruler, struggled with big brother's pending absence. It was a weird time, disorienting. Mom was not the only one shedding tears.

If such a product existed, I would relive days when my boys were little—racing Alec down the hallway, batting practice, watching movies, when he accepted Jesus, the exact moment he said something hilarious. This product might come with a package specifically for special moments, but really, just reliving one day would be awesome!

Yet we knew this was time to let go and the first step toward greater blessings for Alec. Sometimes worldly confusion yields eternal blessings. Join the *Wonkyfied* podcast as we discuss how being disoriented only leads to more incredible blessings from God. {eoa}

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